MARVEL
PSR 36

WINICK
SAKAKIBARA
FAUCHER

EXILES®

FANTASTIC VOYAGE
2 OF 3

NEW YORK CITY

Okay, Exiles... so this reality's got no *Spider-Man*, no *Doctor Strange*, no *Thor*, no *Daredevil*, no *Iron Man*, no *Ant-Man* and no *Wasp*...

...which means we can probably forget about the *Avengers*, right?

Yup. And the *X-Men* are probably still in high school.

What about *S.H.I.E.L.D.*?

Sure, but how would we even *contact* them? We're short on *time* as it is...

...let's face it, team. We're on *our own* in this reality.

Even our mission of *"make sure no one dies"* is somewhat nebulous.

Great. No super heroes to choose from except the newly-formed *Fantastic Four* here...and one of their own is on a *rampage* in the city!

How are we supposed to save *New York* from *The Thing*?!

Well, might I suggest we find some way to *reverse* Ben's transformation into this *monster*?

There are certain scientists I can contact...Tony Stark, Otto Octavius and Henry Pym, to name a few.

Not a bad idea, Professor Richards.

Right, we'll *split up*. Morph, you go with Reed.

You might not have the *brain power* to match him, but you possess an intricate knowledge of super hero history--which is *their future*.

You can point them in the *right direction*.

No prob, Heather, but what's wrong with my *brain*?

I wasn't the one who sent my *girlfriend* and her *kid brother* into *space* and then turned my best friend into *Fin Fang Foom!*

The rest of us will hit *New York City*...

...and save it from *THE THING!*

YEEAAAAAARRGH!

--no casualties have been reported just yet. The creature was sighted some twenty minutes ago at the west end of the Brooklyn Bridge.

At this point, its origins remain unknown.

The number of police on the scene is quite **limited** at this point.

Now we're getting word that a **full assault** from NYPD's **special tactical unit** is being deployed as we speak. We are hoping--

With the Brooklyn Bridge obstructed by abandoned cars, only a **handful** seem to be able to even **reach** the creature.

Oh, **God**! Did you **hear** that?! Ken, we're going in for a **closer look**!

There's a distinct **booming sound**... is that its foot-steps...or...or...

...there it is! Can you all see it? It's *huge!* It's *horrible...*

...it's just this *monstrous* THING!

It looks as though its *skin* is made of solid *rock!*

RAARGH!

AAIEE!

Move! Move the chopper away from it!

KA-KRAASCH!

Hang on! We're losing stability!

AAAAAAH!

I'll save the 'copter, Heather-- you take the first shot at *Ben Grimm.*

I'm on it, Calvin. Just give me a little *speed* and pitch me in.

It's *all you,* Heather! Hit 'im *hard!*

If he gets across the bridge we've got a *sizable* problem!

I'll do my best, skipper!

Hey, *Benjy!*

Let's leave the flying machine alone and settle this between us *monsters!*

CRAACK!

We *usually* only see this kind of behavior from *the Hulk!* But at least he has the *decency* to sport those little *purple panties!*

You're running around *starkers!*

BA-DAAM!

Uh-oh.

CLUTCH

CRA-KOOOM!

Okay, Grimm. If you're through beating up on the *ladies*, let's see how you handle--

TZOT

--the *one-man* FASTBALL SPECIAL!

CRUNGG!
KA-BRRRACK!

Oh, well played, Calvin...if we keep this up, maybe we'll *tire* him out.

AAAAARH!

Aw, hell. He's gonna take us *right off* the bri--

!!!!!!!!AAAAAHHHH!

KWA-OOOOOSH!

ONE MILE FROM THE BROOKLYN BRIDGE...

AAAAH!

Get out of the *way!*

I don't want to *die!*

Hurry! Before it--

Like *that,* Sunfire?

Exactly! You'll be a master of your *invisible force field* by nightfall, Sue!

Yep. And in three years you'll knock out the Hulk and you'll *never* shut up about it.

What's a *Hulk?*

AAAH! You're both on *fire!*

And you're *not,* kid. So *relax.*

Don't get *cocky,* Johnny! If I hadn't shown you how to *deflame* appendages you'd *still* be setting people on fire.

I *would* not!

Shut up and fly, match-stick.

STARK INDUSTRIES, DOWNTOWN MANHATTAN

STARK

Tony, I question our ability to construct an *entire apparatus* from scratch in time. .

.. after all, we'll need the device to be *mobile,* and we may need to reconfigure some *existing* weaponry

Don't worry, Reed. *Mobile armaments* have been a pet project of mine for over a year now .

. and *Dr. Octavius* here is more than capable of dealing with the radiation issues

Reed, I know you're capable of pulling this off, but I never remember you doing this in the field or in-y'know--a *hostile situation.*

"Hostile situation" seems quite *euphemistic* for Mr. Grimm's psychotic state.

You should talk, Doc

Come again?

Oh, nothing.

Wait-- *I have it!* From these fragments of Ben's body, I've isolated the path of *molecular recomposition.* It has a *viral* quality to it!

Nice! So you can *reboot* the big guy?

I believe so

My only concern is the celerity. He may be *past* the point of restructuring. And there's *no time* to run the number of diagnostics necessary to be *certain*

GEEEEEEEN

That... *stretching* is going to take a little getting used to.

I should say so.

Tip of the iceberg, boys. Just you wait.

THE BROOKLYN BRIDGE

Well, this is only *slightly* better.

. but at least we have Grimm *distracted* enough that we've halted his progression toward the heart of the City

Taking the fight *underwater* isn't what I had in mind..

SPLOOOSH!!

especially when our adversary is completely out of his *mind*, made of *solid rock*, and possesses no *buoyancy*.

Hang in there, Heather.

...I'll see how the Thing likes it when he gets a taste of his *own* medicine.

Like a *half-ton* of pure organic steel...

...dropping right down on *top* of him!

KA-CHUUUUNK!

HmF. That bought us about a minute.

And I can't swim in steel form. I won't be able to pull Heather out of the water

Which means it's time to go back to flesh..

.. and give myself a little propulsion from my optic blasts!

TZOT

Now ..the only problem.. is that Heather weighs a ton...I'm getting by on Beast's strength and Northstar's speed..

. but in flesh form. not steel. I'm weaker... and I need to.. to. to. .breathe!

AAH!

C'mon c'mon, Heather...I'm too... *too tired*...to carry you . get up...

.okay...I'll ,ust take...take you to .to the shore... but you gotta carry *me*...the rest of the way-

CRACKK!

RAAARRGGHH!

BRR

OONT!

ARGH?

Energy containment field dep oyed and on target, oh stretchy, genius leader!

Great job, Morph!

Tony engage the matter reconstruction chain!

Firing up Reed

CREEEEEEEEEEEEE

AAAAARGH!

RRRRRRRGH!

CREEEEEEEEEEEEEE

Reed, is this *right*? Should I shut it down?

No! I believe it's working!

I don't know... we're not *killing* him, are we?

Quite the contrary, Morph it appears as though Ben's new genetic makeup is *realigning.*

I don't know that he'll return to *normal*...

...but it appears as though we've expunged *enough* of the cosmic rays and given *order* to Ben's system.

...that it's created a form where he'll regain *complete control* of his faculties!

Oh, yeah. he looks like the blue eyed, ever-lovin *Thing!*

What did you call him, Morph?

Calvin?

Over here, Heather

Oh, no...

Grimm hit me when when I was in *flesh form*...hit me *hard*...

I think I *shattered* my rib. .my rib cage

can't revert back to *steel form*... when my insides are.. *this* messed up

Just *relax*, Calvin. You'll be okay. This just gives your *healing factor* a tough workout.

Even with *half* the healing strength of *Wolverine*, I know you can get through this.

No, Heather. You *don't* understand.

...kill me.

What?

Cal.

Kill me... there's no time.

Cal, what are you talk--

I Wasn't on the Brood Planet for six months, Heather...

...I was there for four years.

I've been implanted with Brood eggs twice before, Heather...

...but I was able to fight them... fight them off...

...let my healing factor work...but now...

...now there's another one inside me...

Oh, Calvin... we'll get you back to *Stark's lab!* Maybe we--

Heather, you *aren't listening!* I was able to fight off the *Other* implantations because my healing factor wasn't under *any other strain!*

I'm all *torn apart* inside...so *hurt*...so much *damage* to...to repair...

...it's working so *hard*...the *egg*... is getting... getting...

...*damn you*, Heather... just kill me... before...before... *before*...

Calvin, nobody's gonna--

KEE TZOTCH

You should have acted while you *could*, Heather.

It's unfortunate, but I don't think there'll be another *opportunity* now.

Now, it's just *too late*. You'll have to face *me* now...

...a child of THE BROOD!

NEXT: THE EXILES VS. MIMIC!
AND ONE WILL NOT SURVIVE!